

THE HUMMER

RAD HARRILL REED, EDITOR

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Made in Mississippi

It was quite a surprise to us last week to find in The Greenwood Commonwealth's big holiday edition a little "pone" we "dashed off" way last year when the paper was printed at Houlika. We signed it "James Whitcomb Writeafeller," and just to fill up this small space in the paper it is herewith presented again:

Many southern people are going "dippy?"
About the timely slogan—Made in Mississippi.
Don't you think we ought to get in line?
Enter the ring now, people let's make 'em shine.
I'm ready fellows, here's the gladsome hand,
Now is the time to join the humming band.
Made in Mississippi is the greatest thing to do;
In our sunny homeland it is best for me and you.
Simple is the slogan—goodly is the phrase,
So let's be up and doing and give it more than praise.
In bottom land and hilltop we'll tickle nature's pride,
Swelling up with crops that almost bursts her side,
Sowing, reaping, working and singing with mirth,
In beauty land of Mississippi—the place of our birth.
Pull together people, and take a little tip—
Push the growing cause and keep a steady grip.
In the home of joy and love—in good old Mississippi.

Get Up And Get

Here are some verses sent to the editor by Oliver McLoughlin of Kellogg Corn Flake Co., Kansas City, and thinking that you would appreciate them and put them in your scrap book, we happily make the reprint. The author is unknown, but we reach to him a glad hand of appreciation for putting in words something we have thought over for several years. We have named the verses "Get Up and Get" as no heading appears on the copy. Read them sure:

"A pretty good firm is Watch and Waite,
And another is At it, Early and Late.
And still another is Doo and Dairet;
But the best is Grinn and Barrett,"

Then again:

"If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost.
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who WINS,
IS THE FELLOW WHO THINKS HE CAN."

Gossip

Here is a little paragraph that tells volumes in a few pointed words. The author is unknown, but whoever he was he certainly hits the nail square on the head. Read it and think it over:

Gossip! The very name has a nasty sound. You'll find her sneaking into the stores, the schoolroom, the churches and societies. You'll find her masquerading under the name of friendship. You'll find her leaning over the back fence or edging in between husband and wife. No place is sacred to her. She blackens the character of men and women and of innocent girls. She ruins the careers of young men. Suppose a man or woman is not as you are or as you may think they should be. Do you know you are right? Let other people think as they believe they should think, whether it is about politics or religion or morals. Don't gossip about them. Hell may be paved with good intentions, but the supporting pillars are the gossipers.—Ex.

"Mrs. Ben Davis Apple of Hazel Green, Ky., has just given birth to triplets," sayeth the Laurel Leader. We suppose when the couple married they were a "pear"—the wife a "peach" and the husband the apple of her eye. The children, of course, are the young buds who will bloom into manhood and womanhood. Just think of the many peach tree limbs the parents will plant around the young buds to make them bloom according to the way they should go. Hope neither hubby nor wifey will hand the other a lemon, even if the growth of life becomes sour.

Editor Bonney of the Summit Sentinel says that the devil lived in Heaven until he began knocking his home town.

Things to Forget.

Sometime ago we sent this timely poem to the printing office, but the boys "forgot" it. Keep it for a good reminder every day. Life would be BEAUTIFUL IF everybody could correctly follow all of them straight thru, it would still be better even if half of them were LIVED. The climax is nicely done.

Forget the slander you have heard,
Forget the hasty, unkind word.
Forget the quarrel and the cause.
Forget the whole affair, because
Forgetting is the only way.
Forget the storm of yesterday.
Forget the chap whose sour face
Forgets to smile in any place.
Forget the trials you have had,
Forget the weather, if it's bad
Forget the knocker; he's a freak;
Forget him seven days a week.
Forget you're not a millionaire,
Forget the gray streaks in your hair.
Forget the home team lost the game,
Forget the pitcher was to blame.
Forget the coffee when it's cold,
Forget to kick; forget to scold.
Forget the plumber's awful charge,
Forget the iceman's bill is large.
Forget the coal man and his ways (weights),
Forget the heat in summer days.
Forget, wherever you may roam.
Forget the duck who wrote this poem.
Forget that he, in social bliss,
Forgot himself when he wrote this.
Forget to even get the blues,
But don't forget to pay your dues.

—Household Guest.

A Modern Fable.

C. L. Edson in the punchy and go-attem-straight-from-the-shoulder Grenada Sentinel gives below a timely suggestion to business men:

The lion was telling the leopard why he roared in the jungle when going about his hunting. Said the lion, "Doing business openly and with plenty of advertising is what made my reputation. I got my characterization of King of Beasts by blowing my horn. Always let the other fellows know you are around and they will respect and fear you.

A rabbit hiding and shivering in a clump of pampas grass overheard this conversation, and all the next day he pondered over it. He decided it was better to have the other animals fear him than to live himself in constant terror. So the rabbit filled his lungs with a great breath and tried to roar like a lion.

A coyote, learning of the rabbit's whereabouts by his roar, hopped onto the rabbit and ate him up.

SO IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE GOODS, THERE IS NO USE TO ADVERTISE!"

W D Davis of Plymouth, N. C., is the father of 41 children and 33 are living. Recently he married for the fourth time. He is 94 years old and his new wife is only 38. Twenty-six children of the husband attended the marriage.

A man in Easton, Pa., ate 200 oysters at one sitting last week. Speaking of slaying dumb oysters did you ever hear of such gastronomic language?

In Paris, Tenn., an innocent hog rooted up \$300 in gold in his pen. We imagine the owners of the hog will now bestow upon him the label of "Root hog and never die."

The Railroad Telegrapher says that the best way to get forward is to get plenty of backing. We would add that he who gets the backing must not back out or be backward in any way during the trip upward. He must never be too forward in manner and must have plenty of backbone to NEVER BACK UP.

Little Virginia McDondald of Harrisburg, Va., a five year old wonder of the world with four perfectly developed arms and four perfect legs, died last week of tonsillitis. She was all right mentally and was a normal child in every way. She could use every arm and leg with perfect ease.

The National Food Magazine says two Americans were disputing about the coldness of certain places. Said one: "Up in Iceland when a man dies the authorities trim his feet and drive him in the ground with a pile driver." The other man replied; "Yes, I stayed there a few days and found the weather was not bracing enough for me, so I went farther north and put up at the best hotel. My room was on the top story. One night it caught on fire, the stair cases burned down and there was no fire escape for me to use, by good presence of mind I emptied my tub of boiling bath water out the window and slid down on the icicle."

Miss Martha Early of Buffalo, Wyoming, ninety-four years old, recently drove an auto sixty miles without help of any kind. Speaking of "Early" rising during "late" days of life, she takes the prize. Shucks, old people are right there with the goods these days. Lots of them put it over the young people.

Protect Your Cotton

The Cotton Season is now at hand.

Your Cotton is your money crop. Are you going to sell, or hold it off the market for a while and get something for it? If you don't care to sell, you can borrow money on it, if you have got it INSURED AND PROTECTED FROM THE WEATHER, AND IN GOOD CONDITION IN OUR BONDED WAREHOUSE.

FRIENDS, the time has come when the cotton buyers don't want your cotton when it is in a damaged condition, for the cotton spinners will not buy it. Cotton is cheap and hard to raise. Are you going to let it be thrown around on the ground, or in a half covered shed, and have to pay just the same? Did you ever stop to think, what might happen to your cotton, when you leave it that way, tell what will be done, but just wait until you lose your Bale of Cotton, and then listen, nobody is going to pay you, at least they don't have to pay you for it, and you can't make them pay for it if they are not running a bonded warehouse, did you ever experience anything of that kind, if not talk to one that has, we are in the Business of taking care of your cotton the year round, put your Cotton in a BONDED WAREHOUSE, where you won't be worried about it, we will do it for you, get a weight that you can sell by, and have a clean bale of cotton. We weigh for 10 CENTS PER BALE. Store it the first month for 15 cents per bale, and for 10 cents each additional month, insure it, and get you money on it if you wish us to do so.

Yours for business,
Grenada Cotton Compress Co.
A. J. Mathews, Supt.

--SAVE THE PIECES--

Don't throw your old Spectacles away.

We can mend the frames or duplicate the Lens.

C. S. VANN

Watchmaker - Jeweler
Houston, - - - Mississippi

The Case of Policy No. 4892

This policy, for \$1,000, is brought to our attention by receipt of proofs of death of the insured. However, it is not so much the payment of the \$1,000 to the guardian of the six children, left without mother or father, to which attention is directed as to the Total Disability Provision which the policy contained and the value of this clause to the Insured and Beneficiaries.

Some time after this policy was issued, the insured contracted tuberculosis, which, with complications, soon confined him to his home and made it impossible for him to do work of any kind. When the first premium after the beginning of his disablement became due, he found himself absolutely unable to make payment of premium. He knew his life was limited to a year or two at the best. He had six motherless children to be taken care of and to be taken care of after he was gone. He had no other life insurance, and just MUST, in some way keep this policy in force. He wrote to the Company telling us of his condition. The matter was investigated and it was found he was entitled to Total Disability Benefits, and the insured was informed the Company would pay the premiums for him, without charge. This was done up to the time of his death. Now the face amount of the policy, \$1,000, with out any deduction whatever, is being paid to the guardian of these children. The total disability clause in this policy meant \$1,000 to the beneficiaries, and they get it at a time when it is sorely needed.

The policy was issued by the Lamar Life Insurance Company, at Jackson, Miss.

Jas. H. Ramsey, District Manager, Houston, Miss.

There are two ladies named Sloan in Clarendon, Ark. aged 83 and 85 and both are unmarried. Last week they visited relatives in Oklahoma, riding on a train for the first time in their life. It is said that neither had seen a railroad, as both lived far out in the country from Clarendon, until they took the trip. Don't you know they felt "bumfuzzled?"